

10 84
W H Y

How now, Gossip POPE?

O R,

The Sweet Singing-Bird of PARNAS-
sus taken out of its pretty Cage
to be roasted :

In one short Epistle (*Preparatory to a Cri-
ticism on his Writings*) to that Darling of
the Demy-wits, and Minion of the Minor
Criticks.

Exposing the Malice Wickedness and Vanity of his
Aspersions on J. H. in THAT MONUMENT
of HIS OWN MISERY and SPLEEN, the
DUNCIAD;

*An siquis atro Dente me petiverit
Inultus ut flebo Puer?*

HOR.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed in 1736. Reprinted in 1743, for J. ROBERTS in
Warwick Lane [Price Four-pence.]

Six

W H K

How now, Golly!

The Sweet Singing Bird of Paradise
was taken out of its native
to its native:

In one hour (Bible) (Psalms) to a Cr-
vise on his (Bible) to that (Bible) of
the Denny-wine and Minion of the Min-
Cricket.

Exposing the Misdeeds of the Ministry of his
Allegations on 11th in that Monument
of his own Ministry and (Bible) the
PUNCIAD: 11

As (Bible) also (Bible) and (Bible)
(Bible) at (Bible) (Bible) 2

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N
Printed in 1796. Reprinted in 1797 for J. Roberts in
[Printed for J. Roberts in 1797]

A Supplement to Mr. POPE'S LETTERS;
being a new Essay towards a *Seventh*
Volume, in a Letter from Mr. HENLEY to
Mr. POPE.



HAVING had the Honour to be immortalized by your *over-generous* and *good-natur'd, honest Muse* with my Brother Heroes of the *Dunciad*, even mention'd with the Names of Sir R. W. and the Hon. Mr. P. I ought to acknowledge the Favour of having been introduced by you into a Set of good Company, among whom I never had the Credit to appear before; there is one Piece of Service in it you never designed me; as you have kindly put me on the same String with some of the *Principes Viri*, the first Men of the Age, it may afford me an Occasion to be more known to them, and recommend me to something better than that *Poetical Preferment*, which you have been so friendly as to confer on one that *never deserv'd it*:

Besides, if you find, on a Review, that the Picture you have been pleased to draw of me so freely is *not to the Life*, but a Sort of *Grotesque, a Caricatura*; or, in the finest Strokes, rather the *ugly* than the *true Likeness*, it may give you an Opportunity to retouch and *mend*, that is, as you *mend, make it worse*, when you call upon me to *sit again* for it:

There can be no Absurdity in writing to you by way of the Press; was I to make a *miserable punning* Distinction between *written* and *printed Letters*, one *de Cachet*, the other *Patent*, the Wit would be higher than you, my Lord *Bolingbroke*, or the *Dean*, often condescend to treat us with in your Hash of familiar Epistles, lately published; however, to send a Letter in Print open

to the World, has the Sanction of your Practice, and what is it, which *that* will not authorize? Was I to send it written to you by the Post, you would *print it, if you thought it might turn to your own Benefit*; I may anticipate the Advantage, and endeavour to get by my Letter as well as the Post-Office: If it be silly, the Way to make it more so, would be for you to *put it into Verse*, and have it *sung at St. Patrick's*: It would be ridiculous to be serious to you about *Injury and Satisfaction*, who are exalted by your Genius and Fame above all *right Sense*, and *moral Virtue*, those Regards are only fit for the *Gentlemen of the Dunciad*, not the *Author*: Let the Dull keep their Understanding and Integrity to themselves, Mr. POPE is *above both*; in him, whatever is, is right: as his *Catholick Epistles* on MAN divinely sing; for tho' an Orator may neither sing nor say, a Poet always sings, and all the *Truth and Virtue* in that just and impartial Work, if bought for a Song, would come to a fair Market.

It is with the utmost Compassion that I consider one so human and benevolent to Mankind, as the *Dunciad* demonstrates you to be so much tormented in your poor Soul by the numerous Objects of your agreeable Satire, every one of whom plainly gives you *Vexation and Pain*, you are very uneasy about them, it is pity so publick-spirited a Gentleman should feel so much private Affliction and Misery, should be so greatly disturb'd at the Multitude of *Blockheads* that start up before him in the World: every Duncie is a new Fit, a fresh Convulsion, or Hypochondriac Qualm, to him: And Mr. POPE, by being the most delicate and sensible, becomes the most unhappy of Men; hard, that Wit should be its

own

own Plague, and that you who are so good a Believer should partake *the Devil's Luck*, who suffers Hell while he *damns* the World.

The *Index* to that *foppish Romance* shews the Orator by Name, without your own Name to the Book, which is stabbing in the dark, and unfair; a *Newport-Market Butcher* would have scorn'd it:

A *Gilt Tub* is a sparkling Metaphor: you call the Pulpit of a *Dissenter*, a *Tub*, if so, your Priest, to whom you ought to *confess* your *Dunciad* as a mortal Sin, is entitled to your *Tale of a Tub*, for *Papists* are all *Dissenters* in *England*, and was the Government as sharp as you, the Priests would be hang'd by the Statute; the Orator meets with *Neighbour's Fare*, and finds the whole Body of the *Dissenters* *souc'd* with him by Mr. POPE, in the same *Tub*.

It is odd, that one, who has used Men so cavalierly, and has dar'd to appear in the House of L—— and in other Courts, to *claim Rights* in a Country, where, by Law, and Reason, he ought to have no Right at all, has not rouz'd the Execution of the Penal Laws, as an Answer to the Persecution of his *Dunciad*: you would be disabled from suing any Person, in any Cause, (as you, who *pyrate* and rob all, NOW SUE for *pyrating* your Works,) was you convicted, as the Act of Parliament directs: the *Dissenters Tub* stands on a lawful Bottom; your *Chappels* and *Mass-Houses* are against Law, it is not the Law of Nations that can protect a *popish Ambassador's Chapel* against a Statute, nor is there any Authority in this Kingdom that can dispense with it: Therefore as you subsist and breathe here upon meer Mercy, without the least Toleration, you might have omitted the *Tub*, and been more

civil to *Dissenters*: when your *Profession* is a *Schism* from *Common Sense*, and a *Herefy* against *Christianity* and *Humane Nature*. I could shew you, that *Tubs* have been thought *holy Relicks*, and your *Dean* has made the *whole Christian Religion* a *Tale of a Tub*.

You shrewdly call *the Orator this Person*, and *this extraordinary Person*: any *Spectator* may judge, whose *PERSON* is more *EXTRAORDINARY*, Mr. *HENLEY's* or Mr. *POPE's*: and who is fitter for that *Country* you speak of — where *MONKEYS* are the *Gods* — that is, where *PERSONS*, like a certain *Ape* of *Poetry*, are *Idolised*: If there be such another grinning *Lover of Mischief in the World*, in whom *Nature* has *mimicked and mocked the Species*: the *MONKEY's Paw* of a low *Faction*, one that can only use *the Old Woman's Weapon* of *malicious Gossipping*, *venomous Scandal*, and *lying Chit-chat*, like a *TRUE SON* of an impudent *WHORE* of *BABYLON*, famous these 1700 Years for *bespattering, stripping, and murdering*, with her flanting stolen *Dress*, like your *Verse*, her hypocritical rebuking *Face*, like your *Satire*, and a rotten *Constitution*, for ever infecting all she wickedly and unfortunately charms, like your *Numbers*, and your *Lælius*.

You have observed, that to prove Mr. *POPE* a *Dunce* would be *Matter of Curiosity*; you are, indeed, much more fond of the *Reputation* of a *Knave* than a *Fool*; he that lays down no *Principles*, or false ones, or reasons ill, or makes *Fiction* the whole of a real *Character*, must be a *Dunce*, a *Knave*, or a *Madman*, take which you please, the last may be *such a Wit*, and the two latter, or *all in Turn*, *such a Composition*.

Your *Judgment* of *Report* making a proper *Foundation* for *true Satire* is a *Satire* on your *Understanding*

derstanding, as *Kablius* has proved; none but a *Dunce* can think a *false Report* a *true Satire upon the Person*; but the Defects of your *Judgment* I shall hereafter *demonstrate*, as well as your *Plagiarisms* and *Immoralities*.

At present I will set you an Example of *Judgment* in *distinguishing* rightly, which you never did in any Character, or any Poem, and that is, first to examine the Facts upon which you build your *Invective*; 2. Your Reasonings from them; 3. Your Amplifications on both, *your Fictions*, that is, *your own Falsities*, *your Poetry*.

1. Your Facts: as the *Craftsman*, Vol. I. described me free with the Character of Mr. *Horace Walpole*, in an Oration, in which I neither mentioned, nor could intend him (I can shew the Manuscript, as it was, and as pronounced,)

So if there be one *true Fact* in your Satire, advanced as a Ground of it, I will grant the Whole, and that you are a Man of Sense and Honesty:

Your false Facts are, that I first abused your Worship, for which I appeal to my Orations, my Advertisements, and my Conversation; you are therefore *the Aggressor*, and as such, in *my Debt*, whatever may have been, or may be the *Damage* arising upon it, Reputation is dearer than Life, and you ought to answer for the Assault, or make Reparation: However, as a *Debtor* to me you *are my Inferior*, as all Debtors are to their *Creditors*, till they pay them.

The next Falsities are, what 'each Auditor
' paid, which was more than one or two Shillings or Guineas; 'that he declaimed some
' Years against the greatest Persons unpunished; just as true as the *Grub-street Journal*, which was the Continuation of the *Dunciad transposed*;
one

one, *who*, I suppose, is your *Acquaintance*, swore I recited Verses out of *Shakespeare* in an Oration; YOU have declaimed all your Life AGAINST the GREATEST PERSONS UNPUNISH'D, the more's to come:

Mr. *Savage*, surnamed, the *Half-hanged*, one that continued your *Prose-dunciad* in the *Grub*, with *Ruffel*, the Non-juror that wrote the *Impeachment*, *Sam. Palmer*, who abused my *Grammars* in it, though he printed them, and did not print the *Errata*, as Mr. *Roberts* knows; and many, who have written, and do write, Papers against the Ministry: But that same Mr. *Savage*, chiefly, was entertain'd by you to give you Tittle-tattle for Bread, of my self and others; fit Company, for you and your Associates are all *half-hanged*, and only want a *Burlesque-Psalm*, like that written by yourself, for a *Peroration*:

Such was that *Chimera*, that I offered the Service of my Pen in one Morning to two great Men of Opinions and Interests directly opposite, and being rejected by both, set up a new Project, and called myself, the Restorer of antient Eloquence:

All this is as true as your Gospel; I never was rejected by either, never offered the Service of my Pen to Mr. P. nor even attended him, never was near his Door or his Person, I have no personal Disrespect to him; but both these honourable Gentlemen know this *respectively* to be Fact:

I had then the Promise of a Benefice from a late Lord Chancellor, which he afterwards conferred upon me, and had he lived in Power, nothing could have obstructed my direct Advancement to the highest Honours; my Honour and Happiness is Improvement; and was I Master of my Time to cultivate one Science, without my present Avocations, as you have a Cheat called Poetry

Poetry, could easily (without Vanity) prove my Superiority to you, Sir, or any of your Friends; the *new Project* you speak of is as much a *greater original Design* than any you, (who are no *Original*, therefore no *Poet*,) ever produced as the *Iliad* is greater than *Tom Hickathrift*; I have not addressed any, great or small, to *patronize* it; it is equal to the Encouragement of a Crowned Head, and as *LOUIS XIV*, the Czar *Peter*, the present King of *Prussia*, and his MAJESTY King *GEORGE* have been, and are Friends of Literature, his Majesty, by erecting an University abroad, as his Royal Father, by founding two Professor-ships at Home; this may be sometime or somewhere a Candidate.

That 'I called myself the *Restorer of ancient Eloquence*,' was expressly disproved, before the Bishop of the Diocese by two Church-wardens, personally, who confess'd and declared, that they and others gave me that Title, to multiply Auditors at Charity-Sermons: *An Oratory* is a Term of *Ecclesiastical Law*, not alluding to the *Roman Advocates*:

In the Fling, that I wrote for Booksellers, is imply'd an Imputation on my Fortune, as to which, my Education was better than your's, and not on Charity, like the Prelate's, *with whom I should have been an Infidel like Toland*, nor on Subscription, which is the Basis of your *Toy-Shop* at *Twickenham*; I took my Degrees and Orders at my own Expense, voluntarily quitted 150 *l.* a Year in the Country, on an Invitation to Town, whither I brought some Hundreds of Pounds, was never extravagant, was soon retain'd here by the Rev. Dr. *Burroughs*, with a handsome Salary, was a Lecturer at *St. Mary Abchurch*, Chaplain to one of the brightest Noblemen

blemen in *Britain*, and had a Rectory in *Suffolk*; I might take an honest Chance to augment my Pocket like others, by writing, or an Oratory, but never did absolutely depend on either, nor *was necessitated* to that, or to offer my Service to any Man, great or small; I will be gratefull to my Friends, and endeavour to do you, Sir, and all my Enemies *Reason*; the Bulk of what you possess was gained by *writing for Booksellers*; their solid Sterling has built your enchanted Castle, and imparadised you in your *Twickenham fallentis semita vitæ*: the Bishop that POPED me, wrote for *Booksellers*, so have the Greatest Men.

I never was prosecuted, nor, as you do, merited it: if Ridicule on Occurrences be Buffoonery, what are the Dean, Yourself, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, &c.

To break *Fests* and that Bread call'd the *Primitive Eucharist* in the same room, is not so much as the Prophet *Elijah's* jesting at the very Altar on the Being of God himself; Dr. Whitby has written an *Irrisio Dei Panarii*, on your Church, which is indeed *fallentis semita vitæ*; you first make your God, and then devour him; which is too Poetical, and the *Fest of all Fests*:

It was very kind, that you pronounced me afterwards a WONDERFUL PERSON, as you christen'd me before an extraordinary Person; WONDERFUL is next Door to MIRACULOUS, and to surprize, is an Attribute of Wit and Poetry: I ought to give my self Joy that I am at last a Miracle of Mr. POPE's making, and accost him in his own *marvellous Distich*,

“ Here too, great Alexander, raise thy Throne,
“ And prove, no Miracles are like thy own.

Having

Having shewn your Talent at *History* to be unhappy, and your *Facts* all false, to this I must add your Account, that "I went from my own Parish School to Cambridge;" a slight Error in *Topography*, putting one Town and County for another, *Melton* in *Leicester-shire* for *Okeham* in *Rutland*, it was from thence, not my own *Parish-School*, that I went to *Cambridge*: but in this you resembled one, that was perfect Master of a *Gentleman's Amours*, and yet misnamed both him and his *Mistresses*: I am now to examine your *supreme Knack*, your *Poetry*, which, like your *History*, is *excelling in a Mistake*.

In the first Edition of *the Dunciad*, I was oblig'd to you for six *Rhymes*, in the last, you pour upon me full *eighteen*; and have alter'd the Introduction; for in the first it was, *Pass we to NOBLER SIGHTS; Lo! HENLEY stands.*" This seem'd to be a *Complement*; but, on second and third Thoughts, after having ENNOBLED me, you found it more agreeable to make me like your Friend, my Lord BOLINGBROKE, who was *noble* once, and *ignoble* afterwards, therefore took me down, by the Help of an *Imagination* that had an *Alacrity* in sinking, the true Spirit of the *Bathos*, and brought me to a more *bumble* Situation among *Pots*, *Pipes*, and torn *Breeches*, like *POET PHILLIPS* in the *Splendid Shilling*, and others of your own Fraternity, whose *Linnen* was spun by the *Muses*: but the *Tub* of *Divinity* was gilt, whatever became of the *Pot* of *History*.

Your Verse is so bright, that it would be difficult to look upon it, without confounding my Eye-sight, if it were not a little imbrownd, as you call it, with some friendly Shades of Folly, Imper-

rinence, and meer Malice, that qualify the Lustre and make it supporable.

I intended to animadvert regularly on your Facts, your Reasonings from them, and your Amplifications on both; but I find myself reduc'd to the last, which have neither Facts nor Reasonings for the Foundation of them: A Poet is privileg'd to lay on his Dawbing, or cast his Dirt, as he pleases, and it is sufficient to settle or unsettle a Character, if it be describ'd, whether it be the real Person or a *Creature of the Bard's Fancy*, that never existed but in *the World of the Moon, Fairy-Land, or Utopia*: The World loves *Romance*, and Mr. POPE can hit that just Taste at the Expence of any Man's or Family's Reputation, with the Art of a Pick-pocket, the Address of a Juggler, and the Principles of *Jonathan Wild*, in which *Macbeath* was an Hero to him: He cruizes on the good Names of Men, is a *Buccaneer in Satire*, a *Guarda Costa in Wit*, thinks all *lawfull Prize* that he lays hold on, and places his Heaven, all the Enjoyment of his Being in private Vanity and publick Mischief. On his Way of Thinking, on the Foot of his Practice, any Person, who is conscious, or imagines he has an Ascendant, or an Advantage over another by his Strength or Deceit, may over-power any, plunder and kill him: This Point pursued in the Manner of the *Dunciad*, would introduce universal Confusion; as Mr. POPE, by the Conceit of his Talents, Wit, Numbers, Popularity, and Diction, thinks himself entitled to destroy and blast the Credit of every, or any Person, right or wrong, so all others, on the like Imagination of superior Force or Skill, might *murder, hack, and maul* as they pleased, and what *He objects of corrupt Ministers*, is thorough-

thoroughly ridiculous, since, on the Basis of his Thoughts and Conduct, *Immorality is Virtue*, and the most fortunate and bold Wickedness is the most Divine Rectitude.

This, Sir, is no *Dunciad* on you, it is *your self*, your Works make it self-evident.

Your Description of me might, in the Articles that compose it, be equally apply'd to any *Publick Orator, Speaker, Preacher, Barrister at Law*, or to any Person who converses, or reads in Conversation on Arts and Sciences, on Divinity, or any Subject you intimate: Characters of Ridicule of this Kind might be and are made by a *Recipe*, and a *common Place* of Calumny.

It is only singling out the most contemptible Images, or the most invidious, and ascribing 'em, true or false, to the Party, and the Business is done: not at all regarding, whether it be *Truth*, or a *Resemblance*; there is ill Nature and Ignorance more than sufficient in the World to take it, and no Want of the most diabolical Tincture in the Heart of the Satirist to draw it.

Take a Quantity of *Meanness and Nonsense, Impudence and Affectation, Absurdity and Inconsistence, Preacher and Zany, Stage and Pulpit, Ægypt and Monkey-Gods, Priestly Stalls and Butchers, Meek Modern Faith and Toland, Tindal and Woolston*, a Pound or two of *this*, and Ounces and Drams of *one and the other*, without a *Scruple of Honesty* in the Poet, the *Dunciad* is perfect, and the Portrait is immortal.

My *Periods*, you observe, Sir, are neither *said nor sung*: the *Grub-street Journal*, which was the Offspring of your Muse, and a sweet temper'd Babe it was, contradicted that Stroke, and said, "That the *Orator* could make *Nonsense* appear
" *Sense* by the Advantage of his Manner of Speak-

ing: what is meerely said or recited may be thought too flat, what is entirely sung, too musical, *chanting*, or *canting*, as at *High-Mass*; the *Medium* properly manag'd shews the *Orator*: Does Mr. POPE understand HARMONY? his Poetry is *Vox & præterea nihil*.

The Situation of the first ORATORY, where *History and Divinity have their Pot and Pipe*, shews, that your *Satire* is not *Eternal*: Poets have been in *Garrets*, and Apostles in *Upper Rooms*; your *Villa* has been improved, so has my *Oratory*, and if the World proceeds in its present Relish for *Toland*, *Tindal*, and you might have added, *Collins* (whose Writings baffle *all your Tribe*) *Churches* may all be *Oratories* or be *annihilated*: I was the first who preach'd against *Woolston*, on my Plan a very eminent Churchman built his large Reply; but since my Reward is to be placed among the *Free-Thinkers*, I shall not readily oppose them.

Toland, *Tindal*, *Woolston*, were better and more valuable Men, than any Saints in your *Kalendar*, or any *Wits* of your Acquaintance: You are like one, who was for burning Books he could not read.

You tell the World, that I was for putting Questions and none would dispute with me: Professors of most Parts of Literature, many Clergymen, Students from both the Universities, Poets, Counsellors, Physicians, Dissenters of all Sorts, *Romish Priests*, *Carmelites*, *Jesuits*, *Dominicans*, *Benedictines*, Gentlemen of all Ranks, ingenious Artists, have maintain'd publick Disputations there, very frequently: Your Works have been undertaken to be defended there, and come off very ill; those who have written for you against Mr. *Crouzas* (the Scheme of whose Work preexisted in our Disputations, the Date in the Register of

of them may be compar'd) as Mr. *Warburton*, &c. have been very unsuccessful; your Discourse on *Pastoral*, your *Pastorals*, your Notion of *Poetical Probability* in the Translation of *Homer*, your *Ethical Epistles*, your Character of *me* in your *Dunciad*, have been disputed upon distinctly, and wofully vindicated; your Admirers have shewn in their Arguments for you, what Reason you have to triumph in their Admiration: *Pretty Beaux* have even been rude and mobb'd, and lively *Petit-Maitres* have drawn their terrible Blades for you, in want of Sense: *Whites*, the *Bedford*, *Tom's*, *Nando's*, *George's* and the *Crown*, &c. have pour'd forth their well-dress'd Auxiliaries, *Lace*, *Bag*, *Sword*, *Toupee* and *Snuff-Box*, all the *Rival Modes*, in Support of Mr. *POPE's* Right to be esteem'd the first of the Age: but their Apologies have been murder'd, hack'd and maul'd, even butcher'd in the *Priestly Stall*, and your exemplary Wit hung up in *Effigy* as only fit for a *Scare-Crow*, like your self: How could you say, that none have disputed with me? But the most fatal Thrust of your Dead-doing Pen, is the Irony, the Ridicule, which is sometimes interweaved even in Religious Discourses: why, if the real Follies of Men (not their *fictitious Vices*, as you paint them) be Objects of Ridicule, to shew them as they are is the Duty of a Preacher: There is Ridicule in Scripture, in the Prophets and Apostles: Common Rhetoricks might afford you, who read none but your own Works in earnest, innumerable Examples of it: What do you think of the Ridicule in your *Romish* Fathers? *Chrysostom*, a *Romish* Saint, laughs in his Sermon against Laced Shoes, *Pere André*, a Buffoon Divine, was followed by all the Nobility and People of Fashion in France, *Pere Mallart* was a like Instance; The French

Comedy

Comedy, and *Theatres*, took their Rise from *Plays acted in Churches*; *Dr. South* was a *Wag* in the *Pulpit*; your *Pope LEO* was a great *Joker*, so is your *Dean Swift*, the *Clergy* have always banter'd their *Adversaries*, one another, and all the *World*: Of *Bishops* who have dealt in *Irony*, we have *Neale, Andrews, Latimer, Sprat, Stillingfleet, Burnet, your Atterbury, Tillotson, Sheldom, Kennet, Codex, Williams, Hare, Nicholson, Kennet, Hoadly, Corbett, Ward, Bramhall, Lucy, Parker, your Bishop-Saints, Basil, Gregory, the Archbishop of Cambray, Cardinal Richlieu*: I have produc'd you a good *Quarter* of an *Hundred* of *Bishops*, *Popish*, your own and *Protestants*,

To every one of whom your *Character* of your humble *Servant* in the *Dunciad* is equally applicable, as *Restorers of the good Old Stage, Preachers* and *Zanies* at once, decent *Priests* for *Monkey Gods* (who, by the way, are better *Deities* than the *Devil* you worship, who delights in bloody *Humane Sacrifices*, like *Moloch*,) and as to *Divines*, who are *Dunciaded through my Sides*, all occasionally *Zanies*, *Buffoons*, and *Merry-Andrews*, they are numberless, *Dr. Hicks* and *Collier*, *Non-jurors*, one a *Dean* and a *Bishop*; *Dr. Sherlock* and *Smedley*, *Deans* of the *Church of England*; *Alsop, Rule, Buchanan, and Sam. Fisher*; *Dissenting Ministers*; *Dr. Beaumont, James, Covel* and *Balderston*, *Heads* of *Colleges*, and some of them *Professors*; *Dr. Heyling, Birkenstead, Stubbes, Rogers, Trapp, Yalden, Delany, and Sacheverel*, *High-Church-men*; *Dr. Fuller, Edwards, Bentley, Creech, Boldero, Whitby*, *Low-Church-men*, or *Middle Church-men*; *Erasmus*, between *Papist* and *Protestant*; *Penn*, a *Quaker*; *Whiston*, a *Modern-Rabbit Prophet*, and *Apostolical Man*, your *Fellow Labourer* in abusing me, as *Codex* and *Company* are; *Daniel Burges*, Mr.

Earber,

Earbery, &c. a Million more, all are, *with me*, in the *Dunciad*: and

Shall every Mortal laugh but I?

Why, DUNCE of DUNCES, tell me why?

As to *Butchers*, the first Priests were *Butchers*, as yours all are; *Friar Dominic* butcher'd 100,000 Protestants in *France*; your *Massacres* in *Ireland*, *Paris*, &c. are *Butcheries infernal*, so are your avow'd *Principles* those of *Cut-throats* and *Incendiaries* the very Spirit of the *Dunciad* and of *Mr. POPE*; you have butcher'd a *Hecatomb* in your *Satire*, and the Word *POPA* is *Latin* for a *Butcher*.

You speak of *meek Modern Faith*, it is *meek* indeed, in permitting Men of your Disposition, who are *Aggressors on*, and in a *State of War* with all Mankind, and therefore the worst Savages, to live among *Reasonable Creatures*; your Faith is not so *meek*, but full as *modern*, a *Romantick barbarous Novelty*.

In your *Index*, you celebrate one for his *Impudence*, and in the Page referr'd to, instead of proving it by some tolerable Reason, you tell us, it lies in his *Complexion*; he is *imbrown'd* with native *Bronze*, impudent, because a *fresh colour'd black Man*; so that his *Vice* is in the *Skin*, no deeper; not like your's, whose *Soul and Conscience* are as black as your *Hat*, which must be the better black, if your Father was a *Hatter*: *Imbrownd* with native *Bronze*, is to distinguish his *Hue* from that of a *Pig on a Spit*, which is *imbrownd* with artful *Bronze*; or it is to roast the *Orator*: *Impudence* is a bold persisting in a *notorious Error, Cheat or Crime*, which are not at all the Attributes of the *Orator*, but plainly of the *Poet*, erroneous in his Judgment, fraudulent in imposing Fiction and
Lies

Lies for Realities, and flagitious in the utmost Malice and Injustice to Mankind.

Your *whole Piece* is only refining on the low Jest of *Porters* and *Fish-Women*, as you live by the *Water-side*; or dressing the insolent Scurrility of *Link-Boys* and *Hackney-Coachmen* in something (not much) genteeler Language; they talk of *Monkey-Nonsense*, *Pots* and *Pipes*, *backing* and *mauling*, neither said nor sung, impudent, brazen, and blushing thro' a thick Skin, just in the sublime Dialect of the famous Mr. POPE: The *Dunciad* was compil'd from the *Stairs* between the *Temple* and *Twickenham*, out of the *Jokes* crack'd and stolen there: *Footmen* and *Chairmen* every Day practice more elegant Conversation, and would be asham'd of the stale weather-beaten Drollery.

As a *Poet*, your *Similes* are like nothing, your *Turns* in the *Hyperbole*, your *Satire-Fiction*, your *Diction* *Common-Place* as well as your *Scandal*; a *Pinchbeck's Machine* with *Chimes* might excell it in *native Bronze*, your *Characters* will fit any *Body*, and may be retorted with a truer *Grace* on your *self*, as a moderate *Versifier* might prove by one *Experiment* on your *Lines* against me: I was once poetically addicted, and had I persever'd in the *Sin*, or had I been inspir'd with your *Muses*, a fantastical *Imagination*, a very vain *Head*, and a consummately evil *Heart*, as you are incomparably possess'd with a *Legion* of such Sort of *Dæmons*, could by this *Time* have surpass'd you; but universal *Learning*, and more generous *Principles* and *Habits*, have naturally made me the *Object* of a meritorious *Aversion* in *Knaves* and *Coxcombs*, and fatigue me to dwell longer on you, the most illustrious *Ornament* of that renowned *Fraternity*, that ever has been, is, or will be, *per Secula Saculorum*, Amen.